LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Robin Redbreasts' Chorus.

[There is an old English belief, that when a sick person is about to depart, a chorus of Robin Redbreasts raise their plaintive songs near the house of death.]

The summer sweets had passed away, with many
a heart-throb sore,
For warning voices said that *she* would ne'er
see summer more;
But still I hoped—'gainst hope itself—and at the
autumn tide,
With joy I marked returning strength, while
watching by her side.

But dreary winter and his blasts came with re-
doubled gloom,
With trembling hands the Christmas boughs I
hung around the room;
For gone the warmth of autumn days her life was
on the wane;
Those Christmas boughs at Candlemas I took
not down again!

One day a Robin Redbreast came unto the case-
ment near,
She loved its soft and plaintive note, which few
unmoved can hear;
But on each sad successive day this redbreast
ceased not bringing
Other Robins, till a chorus full and rich was
singing.

Then, then I knew that death was nigh, and
slowly stalking on;
I gazed with speechless agony on our beloved
one;
No tearful eye, no fluttering mien, such sorrow
durst betray—
We tried to soothe each parting pang of nature's
last decay.

The blessed Sabbath morning came, the last she
ever saw;
And I had read of Jesus' love, of God's eternal
law,
Amid the distant silver chime of Sunday bells
sweet ringing—
Amid a chorus rich and full of Robin Redbreasts
singing!

The grass waves high, the fields are green, which
skirt the churchyard side,
Where charnel vaults with massive walls their
slumbering inmates hide;
The ancient trees cast shadows broad, the spark-
ling waters leap,
And still the Redbreast sings around *her* long and
dreamless sleep. C. A. M. W.

[*Chambers' Journal.*

Incidents of a Day's Excursion.

One day last summer I took my place in a Gravesend steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters. Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle aged gentleman, stout, rather surly, taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was panting or lolling out his tongue, or roamed among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, frightening children by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his great tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad by the vigor with which he struck out his legs while rolling on his back upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his burly friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a very pretty and well-dressed lady. Young lady she would no doubt have been called but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her "mamma." She was evidently possessed of nerves. Indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name was legion. Endless were the petty annoyances to which they subjected her; infinite the dilemmas in which they involved her. But her keenest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion, the Newfoundland dog; and her incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation, and spite, against the good-natured brute, kept up the sly malicious smile upon the lips of his apparently unnoticing master. The little girl, on the contrary, had to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster; and for a long time amused herself with throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish, by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her till he almost pushed her down, the little creature fairly screamed with delight. Her mother screamed too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity.

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, 'if that horrid creature should be mad he'll have killed my child! And how dirty he is, too! Look at your pelisse, Adeline; see what a state it is in! How *dare* you play with that dirty animal?'

This transition from hydrophobia to a soiled dress was too much for Lion's master, and he burst into a long loud laugh.

'I wish, sir,' said the lady, snappishly, 'that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy everybody who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them.'

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable in his own rough fashion to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the foaming water as it rushed from the paddle-wheels, and danced in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand mosquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend. The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames *is* majestic; ay, and if we place in the balance the historic, political, and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our "time honored" river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the west.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adeline's pretty little head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large seaweed that was dashed from the paddle-wheel caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress; farther, farther still her little neck was stretched; she lost her balance, and toppled over into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion on board. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer; cries of 'a child overboard!' 'who can swim?' and a thousand other cries and questionings; but above all, rose the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, so painfully in earnest now; and she alone, in the fond instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even could she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavored to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly Lion, followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to right and left like nine-pins. They sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, everybody giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face, and uttered a short low bark.

'Wait,' said the latter in reply; 'where was she seen last?'

'There, sir,' replied a sailor promptly, 'there, beside that piece of plank?'

'How often has she risen?'

'Twice.'

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone, "look out!"

And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes, and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive; every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation; those who were near enough watching the third rising of the poor child, and those who could not see the water keeping their eyes fixed upon Lion. In another instant a cry was raised, as a golden-tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen her first though, and ere the warning cry had reached his ears he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was swimming towards the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips.—'He has her!' he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface after a long dive, holding the little Adeline by the hair of her head in such a manner that her face was out of the water. 'He has her, and she is saved!' Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burthen when he should approach them. Slowly he came on, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was leaning over the side, and encouraging him with his well-known voice.

'Here you are!' cried one of the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an active looking gentleman, whom everybody seemed instinctively to recognise as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

'Now, come up, there's a brave fellow!' said the sailor, retreating to make way for Lion to climb up the steps. But the poor creature whined piteously, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive.

'Help him—help him! He is exhausted!' cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd, to go to the rescue of his brave favorite. By the time, however, that he had reached the top of the ladder the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. With their assistance he crawled feebly up; then languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on the deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hands of the surgeon and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful, or the noble dog from the kind but rough attentions of the steamer's men, under the superintendence of his master.

Both the invalids were convalescent; and Lion was sitting up, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs; and throwing herself upon her knees before him, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheek upon his rough head and wept.

'He's a dirty animal, madam,' said the gentleman, who could not forget her former slighting remarks. 'He'll make your pelisse in *such* a state! Besides, he may be mad!'

She cast up her eyes with an expression of meek reproach. They were very fine eyes, and I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately.

'Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!' she began.

'Give Lion to you,' he repeated in derision. 'Why, what would you do with him? I will tell you. You'd pet and pamper the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady. No, no; you'd better give little Adeline to me. Lion and I could take much better care of her than you can.'

'Perhaps so, sir,' she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; 'but still I could not spare her. She is my only child, and I am a widow.'

'I must go,' muttered the gentleman to himself. 'Whew! a widow! Has not the immortal *Weller* assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her.'

He walked away. But who may wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, with the pretty widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home! and when he had put them into a cab they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise on his part to *'come early.'* What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

'I think she's got rid of her nerves,' he observed to himself. 'What a charming creature she is without them!'

Change of Air.

An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect well-being of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking—no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs—no matter how open, and dry, and free from sources of impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slightest cases of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even the spending a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural district, at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a more decided change of air, for even a few days, once or twice a year, may suffice to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

War.

The operations of genuine war may bear a triumphant aspect; but that is only the fair disguise with which men cover the gravest and saddest of human intentions.

Mr. Brooke's Career in Borneo.

The [illegible] fact of the inhabitants of the whole north-west coast of Borneo, extending from Datu to Malluda Bay, being now so far weaned from their savage habits as to ensure the personal safety of any European who may be thrown by shipwreck or otherwise upon their shores, is the triumph which should ever stand the first amongst the many which Mr. Brooke has achieved in that violent land; whilst the knowledge that he has individually been the means of rescuing from a state of slavery between twenty and thirty of his own countrymen, and other subjects of his sovereign, who, without the magic influence of his name would, to this day, have been groaning beneath the yoke of Bornean bondage, must ever be to him a source of unbounded gratification. In confirmation of the knowledge of change in the state of affairs in this quarter, I will observe, that not long before Mr. Brooke left Sarawak, a large American ship was totally wrecked on some of the shoals off the South Natunas; and as this disaster occurred at the height of the violent monsoon, the boats immediately bore up for the Borneo coast, and, landing in safety, were provided with native boats, with which they crossed over to Singapore. Another great benefit conferred on the commercial world, by Mr. Brooke has been the success of the resolute efforts which he systematically carried on for the suppression of piracy. I have already remarked, that no one can be surprised when he reads that pirates infest the Eastern Archipelago, for, scanty as our knowledge has hitherto been of that region, still the early circumnavigators have frequently alluded to these rovers of the sea; but when we are informed that Dyak fleets of two hundred vessels, manned with four or five thousand men, were frequently cruising off the province of Sarawak, carrying desolation and destruction in every direction, and at the same time learn that Illanun and Balanini fleets, even better organized, and equally great as to numbers, were also ravaging the shores of every peaceful tribe, and rendering the navigation of the seas so perilous, that no merchant vessel may approach the limit of their cruising ground; we could scarcely credit this announcement. Yet so it was! From the many accounts of these pirate communities, given by Mr. Brooke in various parts of his journal, we are enabled to form an opinion of the magnitude of their undertakings; and the subsequent operations of her Majesty's squadron against them have proved the correctness of Mr. Brooke's judgment as to their intrepid character and savage nature. Wherefore, the rendering the north-west of Borneo a refuge for the shipwreck of all nations, and the suppression of piracy in the eastern seas are what I consider the most prominent of the benefits conferred on the civilized world by Mr. Brooke.—*Captain Mundy.*

Song.

BY F. COSBY.

All around and all above thee,
In the hushed and charmed air,
All things woo thee, all things love thee,
Maiden fair!
Gentlest zephyrs perfume breathing,
Waft to thee their tribute sweet,
And for thee the Spring is wreathing
Garlands meet.
In their caverned, cool recesses,
Songs for thee the fountains frame;
Whatsoe'er the wave caresses
Hymns thy name.

Greener verdure, brighter blossom,
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps stray,
O'er the earth's enamored bosom,
Live alway.
Wheresoe'er thy presence lingers,
Wheresoe'er its brightness beams,
Fancy weaves with cunning fingers,
Sweetest dreams.
And the heart forgets thee, never—
Thy young beauty's one's delight;
There it dwells, and dwells forever,
Ever bright.

Parisian Fair for the Sale of Gingerbread Children.

By the way, talking of slavery and of the buying and selling of the human species, this week has been marked by our annual Gingerbread Fair, which is held at the Barriere du Trone, on Easter Sunday, but this year was put off on account of the elections! It is a singular institution, perhaps unique in Europe, and well worth a visit on the part of the foreigners. The *fetes champetres,* which, from the first Sunday in May to the last Sunday in October, are given at every village in the environs of Paris, and to which such crowds resort for the purpose of dancing and other amusements, are furnished almost entirely from this fair. It is here that the possessors of all curiosities repair for the purpose of exhibiting their different attractions, which this year have been many and various. The fronts of the booths; those which alone are accessible to the public, are occupied by wholesale gingerbread and cake merchants, from which the smaller tradesman buys his wares for the approaching *fetes.* Some of the wholesale dealers come from the furthermost parts of France; from Rheims, whence comes the gingerbread; from Verdun, which supplies the comfits; from Grasse, which furnishes the painted bonbons; and in the covered carts, in which they perform their slow and weary journey, stand in a circle round the booths, while the horses graze quietly amid all the noise and confusion. Behind these counters for the traffic of the eatables, is a canvas tent fitted up for the exhibition of talents seeking to be hired, of living curiosities of all sorts, among which those of the human kind do not always obtain the preference. Learned pigs, literary donkeys, speaking fish are all shown here, and their various merits discussed, while the traffic in children here going on reminds one of the flesh markets in Abyssinia. The purveyors for the country shows come round during the day and examine the novelties exhibited in each tent, and, at night, pigs, donkeys, fish, and children are all put up to auction and knocked down to the highest bidder. The greatest novelty of the year was a seal which has been taught to sing the ascending scale with great precision. This curiosity, I believe, sold for six hundred francs, while a poor little girl of five years of age, who has a marvellous talent of spinning on the crown of her head with the swiftness of a top, sold, after hard bidding, for the sum of sixty pounds! Of course these sales are disguised under the name of "engagements;" but there is no binding contract, no signing of articles; the money is paid, and the child taken away without inquiry to plenteous food and fair treatment, or to blows and starvation, as the case may be. Some die weary and exhausted before the end of their first campaign; others brave out every vicissitude, and sometimes even rise to eminence. One of the favorites of Franconi's troop, now in London, whose fortune is made, whose fame is secure, was sold by parents long forgotton now at this annual gingerbread fair; while one of our greatest singers owns to having been put up for sale two years running without being able to find a single bidder.—*Paris correspondent of the Atlas.*

The dead are the fallen columns of the world's temple—the living are the upstanding.

Look to your Feet.

Of all parts of the body, there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to, as the feet. The most dependant part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be the most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or to direct contact with good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness of the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered state of the stomach; and yet disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce disorder of the stomach; and this remark does not apply only to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the feet of the young and the delicate clad in thin-soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether it is summer or winter-time; no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, or whether the temperature of the atmosphere is warm or cold. But this is not the whole of the evil. These same feet are frequently, at different times of the same day, differently covered as to the stoutness of the shoes and their soles, and very often likewise as to the thickness of the stockings. I have often found, on investigating into the origin of cases of disease, that it has been a common practice to go out of doors in the forenoon, the feet being protected with lamb's-wool stockings, and warm and thickly-soled boots; and to sit in the afternoon at home, only having the feet covered with silk stockings and thin satin shoes. I have so often found this to be the case, that it would hardly surprise me were the practice found to be almost universal among the females of the middle and upper ranks of society. To this common, and sufficiently inconsiderate practice, I have traced many cases of incurable disease. To this alone, may be ascribed many a case of functional disturbance; this lays the foundation for many of those derangements by which the first inroad is made into the constitution, the first step taken in undermining the health; the first of that succession of changes brought about, by which the young, and the lovely, and the healthy, are converted into the wasted victims of consumption, or become martyrs to other maladies as fatal, though less common. I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see thin-soled shoes altogether disused as articles of dress; and I would have them replaced by shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt placed within the shoe, over the sole, or next to the foot. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred; if it is not to be had, or is not liked, felt may be substituted for it. The [illegible] lightness of the cork, the remarkable thinness to which it may be cut—its usefulness as a non-conductor not being essentially impaired thereby—and the inappreciable effect it has on the appearance of the shoe—all seem to recommend its use for this purpose in the strongest manner. I think that neither boots nor shoes should be used without this admirable provision against cold feet. There is sufficient objection to all shoes made of waterproof or impervious materials; they are apt to prove much too heating and relaxing, interfering with the due escape of the cutaneous exhalations. Thin shoes ought only to be used for the purpose of dancing, and then they ought only to be worn while dancing. The invalid or dyspeptic ought assuredly never to wear thin shoes at other times. As to the common practice of wearing thin shoes for warm boots, and *vice versa,* it is a practice that is replete with danger, and therefore rash, and almost culpable.—*Dr. Robertson.*

God's Universe and the Poor Man's Home.

First, I would ask you just to contemplate for a moment in your minds the outward universe, so orderly, so beautiful; so richly replenished and adorned; the fields decked with flowers, as well as laden with fruits, the heavens glittering with countless stars. Remember how these things are spoken of in scripture. 'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow,' and can you doubt that much more would God have done for man, the noblest of his creatures here below, fed, clothed, and lodged in comfort, to his own satisfaction, and to the glory of his Maker? Next, reflect what serious obstacles are presented by such poverty as I speak of, to the growth of almost every Christian grace. Let us leave the fields and flowers, the fresh air and pleasant skies, and let us enter some close tenement, some narrow lodging, perhaps a single chamber for a whole family, dark, dirty, noisome, pestilential, the occupiers in rags, and faint for want of food. I stay not to observe that the bird fares better in its nest, the bee in its hive; instead of contrasting mankind with the brute creation, I ask you to contrast this picture with the portrait of a Christian, as set before you in God's word. I ask you whether the beauties of the Christian character are likely to flourish in such an atmosphere as this? Will a man take no thought for the morrow who has no means of making provision for tomorrow's meal? Is cheerfulness or joyfulness easy of attainment under the pressure of cold and hunger? Can modesty bloom where common decency is impracticable?—*Rev. C. Girdlestone.*

Injudicious Patronage.

It is very well to encourage young artists and young poets, provided that the encouragement be judiciously and temperately rendered; but knowingly to raise hopes which can never be realised is, at the best, wanton mockery. To extol beyond reason is often, in effect, to weaken the motives for improvement. How frequently are men spoiled by a false estimation of their own abilities! We could point out instances in the present day of persons refusing to work because they have been dubbed poets; we have known men who would never handle the hoe, nor wield the hammer, nor throw the shuttle, because they could spin rhymes; and we have seen the hand that could pen a sonnet withheld in contempt from the recording of a transaction in business. These individuals revile the world for troubles which they bring upon themselves; and their own driveling conduct entirely hinders their advancement. They are not alone to blame for their unfortunate position; for they have each in turn been injured by adulation. To versify with facility is an elegant accomplishment; to try to be a true poet is a noble ambition; but the sweetest songs, and the loftiest imaginings, are not incompatible with hard work performed by either hands or brains. As a recreation, literature adds grace and dignity to honest, independent industry; and as a profession, it offers a career which may be successfully pursued by those who have the requisite intellectual aptitude, and untiring perseverance. But to make the love of literature a pretext for eating the bread of idleness is a moral wrong, which deserves unsparing censure.—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent.*

A man of greater power than his age, is an anticipated century.

Pedlars and Poets.

How vastly more strange and extravagant looking truth is than fiction! Our Edinburgh reviewers deemed it one of the gravest among the many grave offences of Wordsworth, that he should have made the hero of the 'Excursion' a pedlar. 'What,' they ask, 'but the most wretched and provoking perversity of taste and judgment could induce any one to place his chosen advocate of wisdom and virtue in so absurd and fantastic a condition? Did Mr. Wordsworth really imagine that his favorite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgle about tape or brass sleeve-buttons? Or is it not plain that, independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must give to many of his readers its adoption exposes his work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity, and utter disregard of probability or nature?' If the critics be thus severe on the mere choice of so humble a hero, what would they not have said had the poet ventured to represent his pedlar not only as a wise and meditative man, but also as an accomplished writer, and a successful cultivator of natural science—the author of a great national work, eloquent as that of Buffon, and incomparably more true in its facts and observations? Nay, what would they have said if, rising to the extreme of extravagance, he had ventured to relate that the pedlar, having left the magnificent work unfinished at his death, an accomplished prince—the nephew of by far the most puissant monarch of modern times—took it up, and completed it in a volume, bearing honorable reference and testimony, in almost every page, to the ability and singular faithfulness of his humbler predecessor, the 'Wanderer.' And yet this strange story, so full of 'revolting incongruity, and utter disregard of probability or nature,' would be exactly that of the Paisley pedlar, Alexander Wilson, the author of the 'American Ornithology'—a work completed by a fervent admirer of the pedlar's genius, Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte.—*Bass Rock.*

Dancing as an Exercise.

A few words may be offered in this place in favor of dancing as an exercise, and as a school-room recreation. Exercising so many muscles otherwise little used—exercising them fully and duly and without violence—exercising them to the cheering influence of music—exercising them in forms of grace and beauty—dancing may be made an important and valuable part of the physical education, and as such should be spoken of, and promoted by the powerful voice of the medical public. The balanced action of the opposing muscles, the active use of the different articulations, the extensive and varied action of the spinal muscles, effected by dancing, and the degree to which the mental excitement produced by it enables the exercise to be made use of without undue fatigue, are strong reasons for so decided and favorable an opinion; and this, without obtrusive interference with opinions as to the propriety, or otherwise, of carrying the practice of dancing to an excess in after-life, and making it the plea for late hours, &c. Let people think as they will of public balls, or even of private balls; with the conscientious opinions of others it is not my wish, nor intention to interfere; but to dancing in the school-room, or among the members of the family circle, few will object; and it is not too much to say that if dancing could be made a daily, not nightly, exercise among the people of all classes, the healthiness and the expectation of life, as well as its happiness, would be increased.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

The Women of Cyprus.

The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus, is curious in connection with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own; the Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in the face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed—there is a high-souled meaning and expression—a seeming consciousness of gentle empire that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself like Cytherea's own cestus around the slender waist—then the richly abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids; of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these the maidens of Limesol—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall like Julia's Cashmere in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in the face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Ægean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture, or the bitterness of Love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing 'politics' of the women, meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their witching ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say; I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary "Je ne scai quoi."—*Eothen.*

An Invaluable Lesson to Students.

What you do know, know thoroughly. There are few instances in modern times of a rise equal to that of Sir Edward Sugden. After one of the Weymouth elections, I was shut up with him in a carriage for twenty-four hours. I ventured to ask him what was the secret of his success. His answer was, "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection.."—*Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton,*

Egypt.

'Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro.'—DANTE.

On the deep rock of Ages have I set
My everlasting Pyramid, and look round
From its great throne on oceans without
bound;
Time shoreless, shifting sands, and realms as
yet
Growing to being. Of all here who met—
Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab—who hath
stood?
All, all have drifted onward by my base,
And here I hold amidst their surge my place!
Before me things were not, or such as could
Endure like me, eternal. The broad Nile,
Young as the day it leaped to life, and made
Life wheresoe'er it moved—the godlike sky,
Star-written book unfathomable—the pale
Of mountain-walls around—these shall not
fade,
They were—and are—and shall be!—*So shall I!*

[*Chambers' Journal.*

Marriage.

It is a difficult question this of marriage; youth is most naturally its season; every unfolding sentiment and budding hope, and branching desire, bends at that period toward the sun of love. Marriage, without love in highest enthusiasm, is not worthy the name; but the firm basis of reason is not the less needful. And how liable is youth to mistake—to decide on uncertain premises—or, more correctly speaking, to act unreasonably! True, passion lights its beautiful flame, and pours forth its generous warmth in the heart of youth; but the fire does not there die!—In the pure and earnest soul, love, highest and most intense, lives ever; preserving the freshness of spring through the maturer seasons of life, and insures to him who guards it with vestal care, a perpetual youth of the heart. *'Manhood* is the season for marriage,' says the philosopher of life; a certain virility of mind, as well as body, is necessary in order to judge and capacitate for so important a relation. It is from our ideal of what marriage ought to be, not from our observation of the unions, called marriages, around us, that we must reason and decide in the question before us.

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Our estimate of the worth and uses of marriage will greatly depend on the appreciation we have formed of the meaning of life, and on the understanding we have of our own nature. If that estimate be noble and true, and if we correctly comprehend ourselves, we may conceive somewhat of the responsibility we ought to feel to act in the light of highest reason, when seeking to secure to ourselves the unspeakable benefits of this 'benignest ordinance of God to man,' as Milton nobly designates it. Our ideas of marriage are generally derived from the circumstances and examples around us, and these are rarely the most favorable to a correct judgment. In designing the structure of life, we must be guided by truth and nature, rather than by custom and example; thus only can we insure beauty and harmony in the building. Each of us is the architect of his own existence, we are given life and the materials to make it great and real; if we neglect to do so, it becomes mean and tasteless. 'What is life,' asks the wise Milton, 'without the vigor and spiritual exercise of life?' To establish this vigor, and to inspire this spirituality, is marriage chiefly valuable, and only when it thus rouses into highest life the full maturity of existence is it worthy of that most holy office which the Creator has assigned it, of perpetuating His image on earth. This highest appointment is alone sufficient to denote the intense importance of right and real marriages, it is impossible to estimate the increased wealth of mind and soul that would accrue to the world if the sanction of nature and truth were sought in renewing the ranks of life.

Marriage is a solemn thing, and must be a *communion* of spiritual and temporal comforts, a covenant of unfeigned love and peace whereof both the general and particular end is the peace and contentment of man's *mind,* such is Milton's definition, and taking the full meaning of every word, a just one. To insure contentment and communion, marriage must be an entire friendship, as well as a perfect love.—*Jerrold's Magazine.*

The Gardens of Damascus.

But its gardens are the delight—the delight and the pride of Damascus; they are not the formal parterres which you might expect from the Oriental taste; they rather bring back to your mind the memory of some dark old shrubbery in our northern isle, that has been charmingly 'un-kept up' for many and many a day. When you see a rich wilderness of wood in decent England, it is like enough that you see it with some soft regrets. The puzzled old woman at the lodge can give small account of 'the family.' She thinks it is 'Italy' that has made the whole circle of her world 'so gloomy and sad. You avoid the house in lively dread of a lone housekeeper, but you make your way on by the stables; you remember that gable with all its neatly nailed trophies of fitchas, and hawks, and owls, now slowly falling to pieces—you remember that stable, and that, but the doors are all fastened that used to be standing ajar—the paint of things painted is blistered and cracked—grass grows in the yard—just there in October mornings, the keeper would wait with the dogs and the guns—no keeper now—you hurry away, and gain the small wicket that used to open to the touch of a lightsome hand—it is fastened with a padlock (the only new-looking thing), and is stained with thick, green damp—you climb it, and bury yourself in the deep shade, and strive but lazily with the tangling briars, and stop for long minutes to judge and determine whether you will creep beneath the long boughs, and make them your archway, or whether perhaps you will lift your heel, and tread them down under foot. Long doubt, and scarcely to be ended, till you wake from the memory of those days when the path was clear, and chase that phantom of a muslin sleeve that once weighed warm upon your arm.

Wild as that the nighest woodland of a deserted home in England, but without its sweet sadness, is the sumptuous garden of Damascus. Forest trees, tall and stately enough if you could see their lofty crests, yet lead a tustling life of it below with their branches struggling against strong numbers of bushes and wilful shrubs. The shade upon the earth is black as night. High, high above your head and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. There are no other flowers. Here and there, there are patches of ground made clear from the cover, and these are either carelessly planted with some common and useful vegetable, or else are left free to the wayward ways of Nature, and bear rank weeds, moist-looking and cool to your eyes, and freshening the sense with their earthy and bitter fragrance. There is a lane opened through the thicket, so broad in some places that you can pass along side by side—in some so narrow (the shrubs are forever encroaching) that you ought, if you can, to go on the first and hold back the bough of the rose tree. And through this wilderness there tumbles a loud rushing stream, which is halted at last in the lowest corner of the garden, and there tossed up in a fountain by the side of the simple alcove. This is all.

[*Eothen.*

Burial of a Pilgrim.

I saw the burial of a pilgrim; he was a Greek—miserably poor and very old—he had just crawled into the Holy City, and had reached at once the goal of his pious journey and the end of his sufferings upon earth; there was no coffin nor wrapper, and as I looked upon the face of the dead, I saw how deeply it was rutted with the ruts of age and misery. The priest, strong and portly, fresh, fat, and alive with the life of the animal kingdom—unpaid, or ill-paid for his work, would scarcely deign to mutter out his forms, but hurried over the words with shocking haste; presently he called out impatiently—"Yalla! Goot!" (Come! look sharp!) and then the dead Greek was seized; his limbs yielded inertly to the rude men that handled them, and down he went into his grave, so roughly bundled in that his neck was twisted by the fall,—so twisted, that if the sharp malady of life were still upon him the old man would have shrieked and groaned, and the lines of his face would have quivered with pain; the lines of his face were not moved, and the old man lay still and heedless—so well cured of that tedious life-ache, that nothing could hurt him now. His clay was *itself again*—cool firm, and tough. The pilgrim had found great rest; I threw the accustomed handful of the holy soil upon his patient face, and then, in less than a minute, the earth closed coldly round him.

I did not say "Alas!"—(nobody ever does that I know of, though the word is so frequently written.) I thought the old man had got rather well out of the scrape of being alive and poor.—*Eothen.*

The Paradise of Tears.

From the German of N. Muller.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the funeral willows grow;
The branches stream, like the disheveled hair
Of woman in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh,
The rocks moan wildly as it rushes by,
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And moistens all the region, and, behold,
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold!

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the moss is wet with friendship's
tears,
Forget-me-not and violet, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops, like
dew.

The souls of mourners, who no more shall
weep,
Float, swan-like, down the current's gentle
sweep,
Go up the sands that shine along its side,
And in the Paradise of Tears abide.

There every hearts rejoins its kindred heart;
There in a long embrace, that none may part,
Fulfilment meets Desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

[*Graham's Mag*

The Land of Tell.

From Engelberg you obtain the most magnificent views of the mountains, and whoever has a mind to ascend the Titlis may here find skilful and trusty guides.—Beyond this ridge lies the Bernese Oberland, which may be reached by a wild pass: another still wilder, between fields of everlasting snow and Alpine peaks of nine or ten thousand feet high, leads to Altorf, in the canton of Uri, and a descent of nine long Swiss miles brings you to the land of Tell, whose memory still meets the traveller at every turn. The whole story of the renowned shot of the apple is painted on the walls of an old tower; a figure of Tell, with his cross-bow, is placed at the spring, which tradition says is the precise spot where it was taken; the place is shown where his house stood; in short, the people could be induced to part with the story on no condition whatever, and wo betide the traveller who should be ill-advised enough to hint a doubt of its truth.—*Switzerland and its Condition.*

MEN.—Truly, the shadows are long, and their evening sun lies coldly upon the earth; still, their shadows all point towards morning.

THE GIFTED.—His soul is the retina of the universe.

Learning in beads, and French wine in bottles, becomes soon of little value unless both are filled up to the cork.

Mr. Popham, in the course of a lecture on Astronomy, speaking of space, said, 'the centre of which is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.'

An inkeeper observed a postillion with only one spur, and inquired the reason.—'Why, what would be the use of another?' said the postillion; 'if one side of the horse goes the other cannot stand still.'

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Agriculturist.

IMPROVED METHOD OF MAKING CHARCOAL.—A mode of manufacturing this substance, in France, is to fill all the interstices in the heap of wood to be charred, with dry, powdered charcoal; then cover the whole mass with earth or sods, and burn it the usual way. By this means, much of the access of air is prevented, and a saving of ten per cent., in volume, as well as weight, of charcoal will be gained over the ordinary modes.

HOW TO MANAGE A KICKING COW.—Take a piece of rope about two feet in length, and tie, or splice, the two ends together so as to form a loop. Double up, by bending, the fore leg of the milking side of the cow and slip the loop over her knee. By this means, she will necessarily have to stand on three legs and will not be able to kick.

ROTATION OF CROPS IN ITALY.—In the vale of Lorento, in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius, the rotation of crops is as follows:—1, Indian corn; 2, wheat, followed by beans, which ripen in March of the third year; 3, cotton; 4, wheat, followed by clover; 5, melons, followed by French beans. Thus, in five years, producing eight crops.

TO MAKE A PLEASANT COSMETIC SOAP.—Shave a quarter of a pound of old Castile, or palm-oil soap into soft, hot water enough to cover it; boil and stir it quite smooth; turn it into an earthen bowl, and, while hot, stir in enough Indian corn or bean meal, to make a thick paste; add an ounce of oil of almonds, and some oil of lavender, rose, or other agreeable perfume; cover it closely in small China toilet boxes, or jars, and put one on every washstand.

TO MAKE COLD CREAM.—Melt in an earthen pipkin, over a very gentle heat, a quarter of an ounce of white wax, and as much spermaceti; add, while hot, an ounce of the oil of sweet almonds; pour it into a bowl, and stir it until it becomes smooth and quite cold, adding gradually, drop by drop, a large table-spoonful of distilled rose or lavender water. This is particularly good for the hands, rendering the skin soft and pliant.

TO DESTROY FLIES.—Mix in a saucer, a table-spoonful of cream, half as much ground black peper, and a tea-spoonful of brown sugar. This will attract and kill flies without danger of poisoning children. E. S.

GLASS IN DAIRIES.—The attention of dairyists has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a non-conductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a bottle full of milk that had been preserved in India and China, and when drawn, after eighteen months' preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of butter; while the milk preserved in a tin case during the same voyage had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk-pans produce almost equally incredible results; and from an analysis we have seen of the cream that was thrown up on some of Hartis's Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favor of the glass, as compared with the wooden or wedgeware pan, by at least ten per cent.—*Scottish Farmer.*

WINDY NIGHT'S NEVER DARK.—While in the practice of physic and used to take uncomfortable rides during the night, we observed that windy nights were much lighter, as a general thing, than calm ones. Stage drivers, who drive during nights, have observed the same thing.—*Main Farmer.*